

TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLIUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
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TOIKE OIKE STAFF

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EDITOR'S NOTE

All references to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental and for such we claim entire irresponsibility.

DATE BUREAU EXPLODED

Feb. 17, 3/4, Hot House (U.P.)

The notorious roustabouts, Alley Cat & Co. (Mitchy Cat, Vice. Pres.) were brought up before Justice J. Q. Whistlebritches and a jury of Campus Cuties on charges of operating or attempting to operate a Date Bureau.

The balloon went up with Whistlebritches tapping on the bench with his 10 gallon crock to call in the jury—12 good Co-eds and true (too true to be good) the jury filed in baring placards, "Engineers unfair!" "Indict these men!" "Extradite these men!" and screaming in unison "We made up our mind! Guilty!! String 'em up!", bringing J. Q. to his feet yelling, "Not Yet! NOT YET!!"

When comparative silence reigned, a trap door in the floor was sprung and the two culprits hauled up in a bear cage.

Loud screams, from the jury and pandemonium breaks loose as they were propped up in the corner (NO! the prisoners) amid a hail of compacts, date books, 2 diaries, and 7 empties.

Alley Cat, dressed tastefully in a barred turtle-neck sweater colored Or(r?) and sable recovers sufficiently to wave at the jury, and whisking a snipe from the mouth of the bald-headed gentleman in the first row, settles back with a satisfied "Purrrp—urp!" to scan a battered date book.

The Justice recuscitated himself under the table and rose groping for the Watercarafe.

"Hawp! Meoip!!" and Mitchy Cat reading avidly over his shoulder said in a lost voice, "Bless my Continental Buttons."

J. Q. who had been waving his arms wildly about the desk and muttering "Snakes. So help me Snakes" caught the situation and shouted—

"Continental? That will do! Who brought that up?" Snodgrass what's going on here anyway?"

Attorney Aloysious P. Snodgrass (better known as Whiskerpuss) rose and addressed the court "Your Honour—"

"Come here my little man," said the justice beaming at Mitchy Cat. "What are you being tried for anyway—Homicide?" he asked hopefully.

"S'welp us your honour, it's a frame. We was minding our own business—

"Quiet! Not Yet!" shouted Whistlebritches. "Proceed Alfalfa Pan—I mean Whiskerpuss."

"The defendants are charged with misappropriation of dates and funds and interviewing without a dog license."

"What was the purpose of the Date Bureau?"

The prisoners cast amorous glances at the jury box and burst forth: "Oh Boy! Wu-Wu!! We aint talkin."

At this point Justice Whistlebritches disappeared and after a count of noses was found on the loose in the jury box and was only lured back to his bench by P. C. McSnodgrass's quick thinking in making a noise like 40 ounces of rye beneath the bench.

When asked how it was that nobody but the Date Bureau operators got dates, Alley Cat was sure he didn't know unless it was that he just couldn't see them wasting their time with anybody else, at which Mitchy Cat started a small-sized riot to the accompaniment of loud cursing. They finally compromised on the statement by Mitchy Cat in his best sideshow manner, "We seen our duty and we done it."

At this the jury delivered a flank attack of assorted kicks, bites, etc., exchanging such pleasantries as "So, you snake, sit on my knee would you!—so you were only visiting firemen, Eh!" (smell of something boining).

Whiskerpuss, jumping to his feet, cried, "Your honor, we have here the financial statement of this nefarious Date Bureau which is as damning as it is conclusive as follows:

Executive field trip to Buffalo (good ol' Buffalo)—

1. Drum Bar.....\$15.00
2. The Revolving Bar..... 25.00
3. To stop it revolving..... 5.01
4. To food (2 dogs)..... 05
5. Getting Mitchy Cat's head out of spittoon..... 2.03
6. Refueling (as above, see items 1, 2, 3, 4, 5..... 00.00
7. Alley Cat for shadow boxing with plate glass window.....150.76
8. 1 call to an unidentified person in Buenos Aires..... 60.00
9. Refuelling ditto above.....
10. Bromoseltzer..... 7.13

When asked to justify this Mitchy Cat replied: "So help me a guy hasta keep helthy, doesn't he. Sure we needed the Bromoseltzer."

"Case dismissed"

And so as Whistlebritches said when they hauled him out from under the table, "Honey Swat key Mellypants," meaning Crime Don't Pay.

Adios A.C. & M.C.

* * *

The general sent for his engineer—an old-fashioned, capable road builder.

"Jim," he asked, "how long will it take to throw a bridge across this river?"

"Three days," the engineer said, after running his fingers through his hair.

"Good," said the general. "Have the draftsman make the drawing right away."

Three days later the general sent for the engineer, hardly hoping the bridge could be done so soon.

"How's the bridge?" he asked.

"Bridge is made," was the reply, "and you can march across if you don't have to wait for them pictures. They ain't done yet."

* * *

A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.

Cop: What are you doing in there?
 Arts man: Nothing.
 Cop: Come out and hold this flashlight then!

* * *

Old lady: At which end shall I get off.
 Conductor: Either, they both stop.

* * *

And then there was the frivolous young couple who wanted to know how far they could go on the street car.

* * *

Then there is the sad tale of the daschund who met his end going around a lamp post (post mortem, no doubt).

* * *

Although the dictionary defines a baby as an alimentary canal with a loud noise at one end and no responsibility at the other, we have our suspicions that the reverse is true as one grows older.

* * *

There once was a sculptor called Phidias,
 Whose statues by some were thought hideous,
 He carved Aphrodite without any nightie,
 And thus shocked the ultra-fastidious.

* * *

A tooter who tooted the flute,
 Tried to tutor two tooters to toot,
 Said the two to the tutor,
 Is it harder to toot, or
 To tutor two tooters to toot.

* * *

"Winter draws on," said the school man as he tucked Muriel into an old-fashioned sleigh.

"Is that any of your business?" asked Muriel coldly.

* * *

Did you hear about the little Egyptian girl who didn't know right from wrong?
 And now she's a "mummy".

* * *

Al: "I wonder why women pay more attention to beauty than brains?"

Mary: "Because no matter how stupid a man is, he is seldom blind."

* * *

Jock McDougal had blown his lassie to a movie, and hailed a cab to take her home. When he assisted her in, she, knowing his natural bent where money was concerned, remarked: "Oh, Jock, it does make me feel aufu' wicked, ridin' aboot wi you like this."

At that, Jock cheered up tremendously. "Then, mebbe," quoth he, "it'll be worth the money after all."

* * *

Father: "I think I'll go downstairs and send daughter's young man home."

Mother: "Now, dear, remember the way we used to court!"

Father: "Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes!"

What are three reasons for a girl wearing a sweater?
 First, to keep her warm. The other two are obvious.

* * *

Mabel used to be a sales girl but ever since her appendix operation, she's been making money on the side.

* * *

The co-ed said her car couldn't skid,
 This monument showed
 That it could
 And it did.

* * *

Gert McSmart, the cautious co-ed, says that everything she wants to do is either illegal, immoral or fattening.

* * *

During the recent crisis, the Bank of England made a survey to ascertain how the staff would react to working in Bomb shelters and were greatly perturbed when 75% of the stenographic staff professed themselves susceptible to fear of confinement.

* * *

A little grain of wheat went to sleep in the field. When it woke up, it found itself in bread and exclaimed: "My Gawd! I've been reaped!"

* * *

The cow is of a bovine ilk,
 One end is moo, the other milk.

* * *

Joe Greenbaum, the perennial freshman stoutly maintains that the cross section of the bee is just behind the tail.

* * *

"Low bridge", shouted the bus conductor. "Everybody keep his seat and face to the front."

A sweet young thing up forward turned around, smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done."

* * *

Mother: "Now say your prayer, sonny, and go to sleep."

Little Paul (a football enthusiast): "God bless Ma, God bless Pa, God bless me—rah! rah! rah!"

* * *

And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

* * *

"Would you be interested in a pair of shorts?" heckled the fresh clerk.

The cute blond customer snapped, "No, but I'd sure be interesting in them."

* * *

She: "I'm Suzette, Oriental dancer."

He: "Shake!"

* * *

"CENSORED"

* * *

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET

Does your heart burn? Have you cauliflower ears? Won't your mother tell you? Is your girl a mail carrier? If so you are in a hellova way.

Are you a regular fella, do you ride a bicycle and consternate your friends? Let us send you, by return mail in a plane envelope, the complete facts. We guarantee that our special rejuvenating sledgehammer will take six to ten inches off your height in one treatment. One of our skilled operators will gladly demonstrate (state whether blond or brunette). No longer will they laugh when you lose your bathing suit; be a Hermone and drive them Wilde.

Does your husband play poker in the kitchen? Call Wo OOOO and ask for Oscar the head of our Ladies' Maid department; if a woman's voice answers hang up and phone two nights later, we make glamour girls over night.

Two was company until she smiled, after that it was a going concern. Her husband said shocking, but what a fool she is not to visit her dentist at least six months a year. Moral: use dispepsident and get a good paste in the mouth.

Come and see our new lastex horse halter, we guarantee it to reduce your waste or bust. We have complete control of the Massey Foundation. Let us be your bosom pals, we support all student bodies. It is very gratifying to announce that Dr. P. Green, chief athletic supporter of our scientific committee, has been voted all American ball carrier and will see active service by the fall. So stop pulling bloomers and go up one floor for great reductions.

Grocer: "You folks use a lot of paprika at your house."

Maid: "Yeah, it's quicker 'n skimmin' out the little red ants."

* * *

"Do you believe in clubs for women?" asked the Varsity reporter, interviewing the visiting celebrity.

"Yes," he replied judiciously, "if kindness fails."

* * *

TO-DAY'S NURSERY RHYME

Mary had a little watch,
She swallowed it one day,
And now she's taking Epsom Salts,
To pass the time away.

* * *

"Waiter, take this egg away at once," roared the angry diner.

"Yes, sir, what shall I do with it, sir?"

"Wring its neck."

* * *

"Sadie, What is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman," answered Sadie, "is a man you don't know very well."

DER MIDRIFF

By HERR DR. FALL GABLES

Heil Hitler!

To-night being School Nite, an old Aryan custom designed to give all ancient jokes their annual aryan, I am going to hold a little discussion on the German Cinema. As a special feature for to-night, I am going to discuss the making of an actress.

How many of you have ever thought how much time and effort are required to make a good actress? I'll admit you can make a bad one with but little work, but a good one is different.

My chief difficulty is usually to persuade her husband that my relations are strictly Platonic—that I have her interest at heart, not her heart interest. Husbands being what they are, I have to get tough some times and use my official status as a Grade I, pure bred Nazi Aryan as a sort of club.

If this doesn't get them, I can usually break their spirit by signing them to a long-term contract to do scripts for the Fred Allen show,—a ghastly job, trying to find something for Herr Fred to say which would make people laugh.

Then again, some of these would-be actresses are dumb. They don't know the least thing about acting, or anything. To give you an idea—one thought "Ph.D." meant "piled higher and deeper"—but that's only a sample.

Perhaps you have an idea of what I'm up against every night, and I don't mean a wall. If I am not more successful next time than last, I'll discuss in my next article "The Heavy Bandage Cure for pneumonia—Heil Hitler."

Warden: "What kind of exercise would you like to take?"

Condemned Man: "I'd like to skip the rope."

* * *

Little Girl: "What happens to Santa Claus after he hands out all the presents, sis?"

Big Sister: "He's left holding the bag!"

* * *

He: "Are you going to work overtime again to-night?"

She: "Yes, I made a mistake last night and the boss wants me to do it over again."

* * *

"Why did the new file clerk quit?"

"The auditor asked her to let him look at her pink slips."

* * *

She was going to be married next month and was busy getting her torso ready.

* * *

"Does your wife believe all you tell her?"

"Does she! Why, she believes lots of things I'd never dream of telling her."